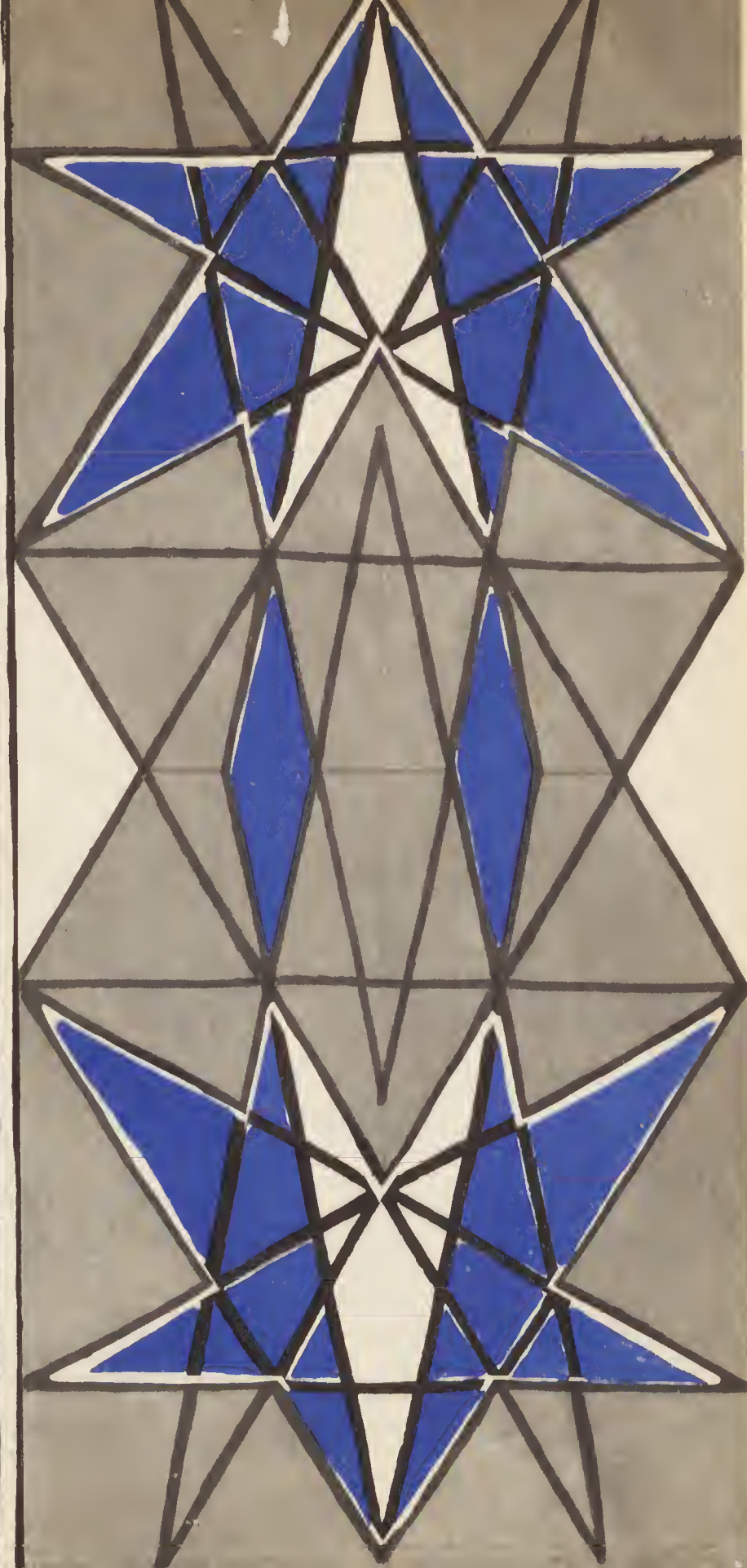


# INSIDE

No. 3



# INSIDE

A Publication of The Gateway, Undergraduate Newspaper of the University of Alberta, Edmonton.

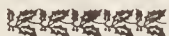
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## WHAT'S INSIDE

### A VISIT AT CHRISTMAS Page 2

Looking at Christmas from a slightly unconventional viewpoint, Marshall Laub suggests that all might not be mistletoe and holly.

### THE HELL OF IT ALL Page 5

The problem with Faustus, Ron Fenty suggests, is that Marlowe didn't go far enough; so he's appended a conclusion in the form of a short story.

### REJOYING THE XMAS-FEST Pages 8, 9

A selection of Carols to tide the money weary over the holidays.

### LAMIA Page 10

A verse play by Ruth Calder.

### GOD'S GREAT PLAN Page 13

An article which reveals the "plain truth" about Alberta and some aspects of its government. The author? You'll find his name in prophecy in an earlier INSIDE.

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# Xmas

Sector: ALBZTY-7B2

Cluster: MN8Q

Star: 6K9-L4X-0907

Base: Sol III-a

Transmission Time: Gal. 39.s.431.24-2

Re: Xmas Ritual on Sol III

Excellencies!

As a result of an automaton exploration group in this system, a non-intervention zone was declared and our study group sent to satellite Sol III-a to study the inhabitant bipedal species of Sol III (Terra), which appeared: 1) to be sentient; 2) to lack a total racial memory; and 3) (incredibly enough) to possess a crude form of poetic communication. Such an anomaly is found nowhere else in the known universe. The facts that they are aware that energy and mass can be equated, and are on the verge of space travel, make some action mandatory.

We hereby request unanimously a Delay of Decision and the immediate assignment of Planetary Sterilization crews, for emergency action, so that investigation may be safely continued. Poet-Sador states that an error here might upset the ALMIGHTYDIVINITY'S balanced universe. We believe that the following triple-verification, but *contradictory*, data justify such action. (All spacio-temporal references are Terran. Cf. appended *Galactic Equivalent Indices*.)

About 2,000 years ago, a Terran human was executed by being nailed to a cross composed of dead dried vegetable tissue. From the cruelty of the method of execution, and from the fact that it is still ritually re-enacted, and symbolized by models called crucifixes, almost 2,000 years later, by a species with a personal life-memory span of 70 years, it has been deduced that the executed, called Jesus Christ, was a criminal of unparalleled stature. His crime would appear to be called God, a reference to an action which we are unable to imagine. We arrived on Sol III-a shortly after the annual celebration of the Execution or Easter (as it is called) of the arch-criminal, and decided that this celebration demonstrated a spark of DIVINEMORALITY in this species. However, when we discovered that the primordial ritual of Xmas was a celebration of J. Christ's birth, we could only conclude that the inhabitants of Sol III are criminally insane.

(Poet Sador has suggested, in contradiction to computer and sense, that God is a

# Visitation

term of reference to the ALMIGHTYDIVINITY, which would then make the Execution, or Easter, an unimaginable crime against DIVINEMORALITY, but the evidence appears to refute this. The rest of us are convinced that this J. Christ is the Arch-Criminal, or Satan.)

The Xmas ritual that we, as a result of preliminary data, anticipated with such interest, is—we were horrified to discover—apparently the ritual-celebration of the birth of this monster criminal 2,000 years ago. Excellencies, they seem to rejoice in his birth! We would recommend immediate sterilization, except that Sador insists that we may be in *moral error*, and so we must resolve the contradictions in the following data.

Story by Marshall Laub

Research Collaborator--

G. Samuel

Xmas (corrupted to Christmas, or as Sador claims, vice versa) is the 24 hours of December 25, but seems to extend from about the middle of November to the second week of January. The end of this period is apparently determined by the falling off of the needle-like leaves from coniferous\* trees planted, without nutrients, in individual dwellings and public places. We are unable to determine the official time when the planting begins, but by December 15 it is well underway. These trees are *decorated*. (Much as we dislike using a religious term for it, we can find no other term for this ritual action—the purpose of which is obscure.)

Maxor points out that thoroughfares and windows make satisfactory substitutes for trees. (?) Holy (or holly) and mistletoe (catalyst of an oral sexual function usually performed in private) are distributed by the organization (or government) for the Xmas. No relation to Criminal Christ is detectable. Electricial illumination patterns are modified for the Xmas. The metal and paper com-

municators, messages, called money, are more rapidly exchanged as the complex proliferation of aural pitch variations called Xmas Carols increases. ((This, Sador suggests, symbolizes an exchange of identity).)

Vast quantities of food, stolen from government stockpiles (called supermarkets) during this money-exchange, are consumed on December 25. Alcohol is consumed in increasing quantities as Xmas season develops so that many "humans" may maim or kill through inability to control mechanisms correctly. This unpleasant method of population control (or random punishment, Maxor suggests) is strong evidence for the view that this species is criminally insane.

On the other hand, Xmas would appear to be a period of redemptive love, for an exchange of gifts at this time engenders an immense wave of *good-will*, which can be felt even here by us, and which is seemingly associated with shepherds or sheep (?). The young, or children, of this species seem to be free of the money-exchange, and to retain their own identities—thereby abstaining from the criminal activities of Xmas. They enjoy the gifts they receive, innocent of the crimes that these gifts symbolize. They alone, with a very few exceptions, appear to produce the love-emotion without intellectual criminal overtones. Indeed, their conversion to the *awe of the ALMIGHTYDIVINITY*, Kav, would seem entirely possible.

We therefore suggest that a commitment of Kav's missionaries be dispatched to this system with the Planetary Sterilization Forces. Sador and Computer concur.

In the awe of the  
ALMIGHTYDIVINITY, Kav,  
Terran Study Group (positional  
designation ref. as above).

Process: File, without action.

Reason: The "mankind" of Sol III is a fallen species, capable of redemption (or recovery of racial memory) by their own effort. They will become one with the second "Christ" (possessor of total racial memory). Our intervention would contravene the Will of Kav.

Gabrior  
First-in-Aweness-of-Kav.

\*Cf. *Galactic Botanical Index*; ref. KR27-4-L'd





# THE HELL OF IT ALL

A SHORT STORY BY RON FENERTY

The comforting thing about having only a little knowledge is that it isn't likely to prove any more perilous than having too much.

Faustus, for instance, had too much, and Brusch too little when they made their separate deals with the devil at the University of Wittenburg over four hundred years ago. You probably know about Faustus, even if you haven't read Marlowe's play, for he's figured heavily in our literature down these years.

But you likely have not heard of Brusch. In the first place, he was hardly so distinctive a scholar as Herr Doktor Johann Faustus, so his dabblings in witchcraft could hardly have attracted as much notice. Then, too, while Faustus' fate was decided long ago, it wasn't until just recently that Brusch's affairs with Old Nick have come to our knowledge.



In Wittenburg, the bells of the University chapel were soberly sounding the Angelus for Saturday, January the 14th, 1535. Considering the special nature of the previous day, and in light of the strange, dark tragedy which had gripped the campus for twenty-four years and only reached its horrible climax the day before with the passing of its finest scholar, who had dared resort to necromancy to further his ends, the mood at prayers would be sombre indeed.

But in the nether reaches of the universe, the perpetrator of this disquiet was enjoying a happier mood, not to mention a somewhat warmer climate. In the executive suite of Pandemonium, the Arch Fiend was relaxing over a pint of wormwood, and conferring with his first lieutenant.

"What a marvelous thing these universities are, Mephistophilis," the great voice boomed. "This Faustus is a most worthy prize. Wittenburg's best, I understand, and a 'Doctor of Theology' to boot.

"What a long way we've come, my friend; When I think of those early days, having to turn myself into a snake—!" He grimaced with distaste. "Ah, but

now, thanks to these temples they've erected to their newfound curiosity about themselves, these creatures now come to us of their own accord."

Satan stopped, seeing that his colleague was not sharing his enthusiasm. "My dear Mephistophilis, what makes you look so hesitant? I grant you that I, too, feared lest our success with Faustus should scare off other academics, but surely that fear has been dispelled by our acquisition of this new one, this . . . ?

"Herr Brusch, Milord," replied his agent, with a thoughtful frown.

"Ah, yes; (quaint name, though, isn't it. Wonder how I managed to forget it?) But come, man, out with it. What's troubling you?"

"Well," Mephistophilis began, "the devil of it—oh, I beg your pardon, Great Star of the Morning! It's just that I've been around these mortals so long that I've begun to pick up their way of putting things." With a nod from his master he continued: "The trouble is that these scholars show the same variety as the rest of Creation. Now, Faustus was no trouble for me; he was acknowledged by his fellows as the master of all human learning, standing at the pinnacle of Man's self-awareness, so to speak. All he wanted from me was confirmation of his beliefs about the nature of things, and that was no trouble.

"But this Brusch is quite a different matter. It seems that he's nothing more than an undergraduate with bad grades who's more afraid of the Dean than of the Devil, and he expects us to get him the degree that he should, as Faustus did, earn for himself."

Satan interrupted: "Have you signed him to the standard twenty-four year service policy?"

"First thing I did," was the reply, "But that's the last part of it I've been happy with. Faustus had his moments of doubt, of course, but he was wise enough to know we had him once his name was on the paper. However, this callow youth no sooner signed in blood than he wanted his contract torn up. So I brought him

*(Please turn over)*

down here for a talk with Faustus, to show him how hopeless **that** idea was."

"You mean," inquired Satan,, somewhat surprised, "that he wasn't impressed by our little realm and our prize victim?"

"On the contrary," Mephistophilis replied. "I've never seen a mortal so terrified. But I'm afraid I pushed him too far. When one of these creatures is frightened to his wit's end—particularly if not hampered by too many learned ideas—he falls back on imagination and dreams up the most amazing escapes from his dilemmas. You see, Faustus blabbed about talking with Helen of Troy, and that must have been what gave Brusch this fantastic idea."

"I wish you'd come to the point," said the devil impatiently.

"He demands to be taken into the future!"

Mephistophilis let this revelation sink in, then continued indignantly: "He seems to think that, since it's the one place Faustus never thought to look, the answer must lie there. But I'm sure that's not his real reason. He knows what an absurd idea it is, but after all, we did contract to serve him as he directs. So he no doubt figures to get off the hook with such a preposterous demand!"

"Proposterous?" mused Satan, a curious gleam in his eye. "Why preposterous?"

"Why, his contract only covers twenty-four years," retorted Mephistophilis. "But he wants to go sightseeing CENTURIES away! The catch is that Helen of Troy business—he claims that, in effect, we took Faustus back in time, so if we refuse to take him forward we'll abrogate our contract. The quaking wretch!"

"But don't you see?" cried Satan. "What a tremendous opportunity this is! Not only do we satisfy this miserable sophomore, but we also have a chance to scout the future battleground and look for new sources of converts!"

"Master," fretted Mephistophilis, "let him go, I beg you! There will be others. But this is dangerous, we don't know any more about the future than he does!"

"And its time we remedied that situation," the devil retorted. "But this, my friend, is a job that requires my personal attention. Keep an eye on things while I'm gone, and for Hell's sake, get that

worried look off your face. If the greatest scholar was no match for you, how can I fail with this mediocre undergrad?"

And so The Tempter himself gave in to temptation and once more went walking to and fro upon the earth, to find a very frightened young man kneeling in the snow on the outskirts of Wittenburg drawing a pentagram with trembling fingers, muttering incantations through chattering teeth, there in the gloom of early morning.

Herr Brusch, the worst student in Wittenburg's history, stared dumbly at the horrible apparition that grew before him out of the fading night.

"My God!" he quailed inwardly, "What have I done?"

In all his fears of facing a professor with an assignment undone he had never imagined anything so terrifying. His original contact with the powers of darkness, his visit to Hell, his confrontation with the great and doomed Doctor—what was all that compared to the horror of this palpable pitch of oozing evil that his cowardice had called into his presence?

"NO!" he shrieked, but the cry vanished impotently into the living void. In answer came back the hollow voices of priests and professors, pronouncing his condemnation for the blasphemy of practicing witchcraft. They blended into a roar of fiendish laughter which seemed to fill all the world.

And the Great Shadow was upon him, engulfing him. Wittenburg and its distant morning chimes fell away with the rest of reality, and he was alone in the empty, echoing cathedral of eternity.

From the depths of creation, the Great Voice boomed up and rolled out to the reaches of the farthest sphere:

"What you have bought with your word of blood is granted. The last road of escape awaits. The door to the centuries is open. Run, ere my hand is upon you!"

And the light and the world came back, and he ran. But always the shadow followed, seeing and hearing all that he watched or listened to. At first his only thought was to shake off that terrible pursuit, and the world was only a blurred and garbled miasma of light and noise and birth and death.

But after a while, life and time began resolving back into patterns as the edge of his terror dulled and his curiosity returned. Now he began to stop at various



years and lives to wonder at what he had found.

For there were men who turned their eyes to heaven, not in prayer but in curiosity, and who began to believe, from what they now saw there, that the world was not, after all, the center of creation, as the professors at Wittenburg had taught. And as more men came to show that the universe was much larger than human conceit had ever imagined, so there were others who conquered and explored and settled, and proved that Earth was not the limitless and terrifying place that ancient mariners had supposed. And soon, Brusch was everywhere encountering men who worried more about their worldly affairs than the dubious position they might hope to have in a universe which was growing too large to comprehend.

The years rolled. The music of the spheres diminished. Paradise receded. And men turned to find their rewards in the one small corner of the cosmos they could hope to understand. Brusch was there as, time and again, the wills of kings and churches were replaced by the overwhelming will of multitudes and their spokesmen. Now men made wars on behalf of these extensions of their own will, which they called nations, and which they served with all the fervent frustration of their old vanishing faiths.

And Brusch perceived that not only the will of a multitude, but also its ambition and determination, was greater than that of a king, for wars became fiercer and more far-reaching than those any king had ever hoped to promote. And man's curiosity about himself and his world was placed in the service of that ambition, finding ways to keep more men alive and fighting, and ways of making men more destructive than any emperor had ever dreamed.

Now the century was the Twentieth, and the world became, for Brusch, a huge, roaring concerto of life and death, creation and destruction, that swept him along helplessly as it crescendoed. The more he ran from evil, the higher it loomed before him: Coventry . . . Dresden . . . Buchenwald. . .

Hiroshima!

Brusch watched in horror as the grisly column ascended the August sky. It reached, towering, past the midday sun.

Then its shadow was upon him, engulfing him. And he heard a voice, a

human voice, drifting on the shattered air:

"My God, what have we done?"

And it was **his** voice, echoing down the centuries from that morning when his desperate flight had begun. He turned from the evil shadow before him to the one which had pursued him down all these years.

And he was face-to-face with himself. And he understood.

☆☆☆

"Strange, isn't it," Satan mused, "I really had no idea it would turn out quite this way." Seeing that Brusch was still speechless, he continued. "It seems that your fellows have found a way to have their hell right here on Earth, and I can see you are aware that you have no more to fear from me than from yourself."

He produced Brusch's contract, and began tearing it to shreds. "Well, let's wrap up this business as fast as possible. I'll have to be going right away, since I can't survive very long in a place where there is no longer any reason to believe in me. Fire and brimstone is hardly as impressive as what I've seen this last little while. It's funny; I never imagined anyone would escape me by outliving me. And it's too bad, really. I could have made you an even greater scholar than Faustus.

"But it all comes to the same thing in the end, doesn't it? I guess the only way to go on living in this place called The Twentieth Century is to have the courage to face up to the evil within yourself. So you are just as out-of-place here as I am, my young friend. Courage never was one of your lights."

☆☆☆

In January of 1946, a war refugee giving the name of Brusch was admitted to Canada as a landed immigrant. Several years later, after a chain of arrests, he was found to be totally incapable of managing his affairs. Since no kin could be contacted, he was confined in the public care in the ward for mentally disturbed persons at the Toronto General Hospital, where he remains to the present. Attempts to understand his dialect, which seems to be a Germanic derivative of an obscure variety, have yielded indications of acute paranoia. He seems to be invoking the devil to rescue him from a world where men must live by courage instead of simple faith. He continuously requests a supply of chalk, which he uses to cover the floor of his quarters with pentagrammic designs.

**The End**


# It Came Upon a Midnight Beer:

Yokum all distasteful,  
Joycefull Dan try infant,  
Tecumseh, Tecumseh  
to Ethei's hem.  
Scum din retold hymn  
Scorn the fink of Engels  
Hokum lettuce a door hymn  
Hokum lettuce a door hymn  
Hokum lettuce to bore hem,  
Heist is flooded.

Sigh rent knight,  
Rolling right,  
Alice come,  
All got blight.  
Browned John Virgin,  
Smothering child,  
Bold intendant  
Remember to file:  
Sheep for seventy peas,  
Sheep for seventy peas.

Wreathy links, a Cadillac car,  
Wearing shifts from Harper's Bazaar,  
Fielding foundling,  
Goering arounding,  
Swallowing vodka tsar  
Oh, Sheriff blunder,  
Shaw rough knight,  
Stare off Frail bee you tea blight.  
Vast word breeding  
Steel pro seedling  
Midas Two viper fink light.





Bark, the Clairol mangeure stinks,  
Roaring to the Mewberne finks,  
Pizza near the Mersey Vile,  
Rotten Singers, damielle.

Juice to be whirled,  
Our board is scum,  
Letters' deceivers sting;  
Let Aberhart  
Return to the womb.  
Randy, Ethel sing,  
And leavened bran bangles bring,  
And leaven,  
And Lebanon, bran spangles bring.



# Lamia

A VERSE PLAY  
BY RUTH CALDER

## CHARACTERS:

Lamia  
Chorus of three voices: masked  
Wise Man  
Angel: masked  
Devil: masked  
Death: masked

### *Chorus (first voice)*

Yesterday we were the voices of others,  
Today we are the voices of Lamia

### *Second Voice*

On her own birth bed Lamia plucked away  
the mask of an angel,  
And forgot what she saw;  
Put the mask in place again and grew to  
womanhood.

### *Third Voice*

Lamia has a husband and children,  
Lamia has seen black blood welling out of  
white snow.

### *First Voice*

Lamia knows of birth and dying.

### *Second Voice*

But everyone knows of birth and dying—

### *Third Voice*

Others have called us many things,  
Lamia calls us hell.  
What would you seek, Lamia?

### *First Voice*

What does she want with us?

### *Lamia*

Death, I seek  
Death for payment of senseless wisdom,  
Death for payment of forgetful memory.

### *Third Voice*

The apple once plucked grows rotten  
Torn from it's root,  
Lamia carries the decayed seed  
In her eye's womb.

### *Lamia*

Is death here?  
Ah, come kind death and take Lamia  
Payment for the poisoned milk, the food  
That both feeds and kills.

### *Second Voice*

Lamia, tell us more,  
Why do you seek death, why  
Do you come here, outside your own home-  
warmed door?

### *Lamia*

Listen Death!  
On a bed of lies  
A child was bred—  
(A mother's joy is well known but has never  
been said,  
Great God's gift from our bodies)  
And then I held him with terrible cries:  
Put out his eyes!  
Put out his eyes!

### *First Voice*

Lamia laments for her child,  
Why did she have it if she didn't want it?

### *Third Voice*

Lamia, go home, for all women lament for  
their children,  
Who grow to see the rain dissolve the soil.

*Lamia*

Death, can you hear?  
On a bed of lies  
In a house of lies,  
There we lie, where the hollow word is hol-  
lowed and emptied,  
Where the false embrace is decayed and  
adulterd:  
Who will pay for the hollowed word?  
Who will pay for the impure bird?

*Second Voice*

Lamia will pay for these lies,  
All lies are Lamia's lies;  
Lies of innocence and lies of sight,  
Lies of birth and lies of marriage, lies  
Of death and lies of living.

*Lamia*

Surely there is a wisdom, ancient or new,,  
That will guide me in this desolate search.  
(*enter Wise Man*)

*First Voice*

Who is this decrepit old man  
That comes with tattered clothes and a  
yellow beard?

*Lamia*

Who are you that wanders in this most  
forgotten place?

*Wise Man*

I am called a wise man.  
I have wandered here many years, a hermit,  
Driven out of my own land by my own hand.

*Lamia*

A wise man! O Wisdom!  
Show me where to find death, I have urgent  
business  
With death.

*Wise Man*

My passion and my peace have united and  
become one,  
So merged, they bred indifference, and  
died—  
My eyes are empty, my speech these years  
has been only  
Silence. I can't help you.

*Lamia*

Speak, wisdom, speak, don't mock me,  
If you are wise then you can tell me,  
My need is great, greater than you know,  
It's for love seen I would pay.

*Second Voice*

Lamia doesn't receive an answer,  
How foolish to ask wisdom, who can only  
say that he is mute.

*Lamia*

He doesn't answer but only looks upon rock  
that  
Never changes,  
He doesn't hear but only listens to rain that  
Never changes.

(*exit wise man*)

And death won't answer, drugged  
with himself—  
Awake death! Take Lamia and these lies  
Pour all into a crackling leaf and let it blow  
Through the world until it falls into a  
hundred pieces of  
Nothing!  
Death doesn't come. O will God help me,  
even in this?

(*enter angel*)

*Angel*

Lamia, still do you weep?  
Your tears have made all rivers, all seas,  
Since first your wailing brought you to your  
knees.

*Lamia*

Give me death, good angel.  
Death was my fate since first I was born  
into life.

*Angel*

Lamia, tear away this mask  
You have placed upon my face.  
I have worn it too long.

*Lamia*

O don't ask it!  
My strength is gone, crushed by the first  
forgotten sight  
Of that terrible face.

*Angel*

You know what you do, and yet persist in it,  
Remain unforgiven for that, Lamia, I cannot  
help you.

(*exit angel*)

*First Voice*

Lamia lies on a rack,  
Pulled up by knowledge,  
Down by fear;  
Unmoving,  
Unforgiven.

*Lamia*

Wisdom won't speak, nor angels either,  
Then call on the devil, Lamia, for perhaps  
he who made hell  
Will show me also death.



(enter devil)

*Devil*

Lomia, whot would you reap?  
Your soul hos eluded me, os it hos  
eluded God,  
But now that you hove colled to me, whot  
is your price?

*Lamia*

I have seen hell joyful and heaven horrible.  
I osk only for deoth,  
Where can I find him?

*Devil*

An unusual request. Hardly anyone ever  
wonts to speak  
To deoth, nearly everyone wonts to speak  
to me—  
Perhaps you've made some mistoke Lamia,  
or  
Perhaps you should reconsider.  
No. You wont to speak to deoth,  
Very well, I, the devil, can send you deoth.  
(exit devil, enter deoth)

*Lamia*

Deoth, gentle deoth,  
Take my soul, give it not to God or Soton,,  
But dissolve it into elements and spread it  
on the wind,  
That I will poy in deoth for knowledge  
unendurable and ignorance intolerable.

*Deoth*

Go from me Lamio, I hove no power to  
help you.  
You cannot pay for what's been done,  
with deoth.  
You cannot pay for what's been seen,  
with deoth.  
You cannot poy for whot's been hidden,  
with deoth.  
Deoth is o eunuch, and cannot love Lomio.  
(exit deoth)

*Lamia*

Deoth and wisdom ond the two faces of God  
Scorn Lomio, whose tears have turned to  
dust  
Just as their words ore dust. Lomia goes  
back to  
Folse oction, to birth ond dying.  
Chorus (as Lamia exits)

*Third Voice*

Lamio goes back to her house.

*Second Voice*

To bake bread and fill o bed  
Thot's sleepless.

*First Voice*

The wind cracks the branch ond it cannot be  
Mended.  
The years bend the child ond he cannot be  
Streightened.

*Third Voice*

Lamia looks on birth breeding birth and  
the sun  
Bearing the eorth.  
Lamia goes home to wait.

---

## EXCAVATION AT ATHENS

by John Ower

They have sweated down through two  
thousand yeors  
Wet ond dense, thot stuck to their  
shovels;  
Have heaved them up in sodden yellow  
mounds  
To loy a new sewer.  
The workmen curse, and crock the  
classic jokes  
About the air creoted by o culture  
Of which the germ was nutured by  
the movements  
Of Percicleon Athens, and matured  
Through the two millennio to ripeness.  
I smirk, until I glance down to find  
Thot the golden mud of deod heroes  
Hos soiled my new shoes.

## MUSIC OF THE SPHERE

by Al Goulden

Theo-t-lonious Monk  
You a "regulor", man  
You block, man  
You colorless cynic, man?  
Like me?—  
I sit, man  
Watch,  
You play white ivory, mon  
—God!  
You ploy like all, man  
Like no man.  
World go round  
Flash!  
Big "new" color rodio  
We, out here,  
All got principles, man  
Even like-color heering.

# God's Great Plan

or

## The "Plain Truth" About Alberta

by Manstrong Arming

**WHAT IS GOD'S GREAT PLAN FOR ALBERTA? WHEN WILL HE PUT IT INTO EFFECT? HOW CAN WE KNOW WHEN HE HAS?**

These are questions you hear all the time, but nobody seems to know the answers! Well, *prepare yourself for a SHOCK!* We can have the answers, if only we'll look in the *right places*—in fact we **DO** have the answers written in *plain English*, *right there* in *black and white* **IN YOUR BIBLE!!!** Because — yes my friends and neighbours—that is **GOD'S TRUTH** about you and me and our province!!

(If you haven't already *PROVED for yourself* how the Bible is really talking about us, **WRITE IMMEDIATELY** for our Absolutely Free Easy-to-Read 100 page booklet on "Alberta and British Columbia in Old Testament Prophecy" and its 94 page supplement on "What God Inspired Joel and Malachi to Say About the International Communist-Jewish Conspiracy"!)

### Few Things Straight

Now, before we go on and *find out all about God's Plan for Alberta*, let's just get a few things straight, here. First of all, we have to make sure that *we're* looking in the *right place*, because if we don't, *we can get into a LOT OF TROUBLE!!*

Take for example one book, the so-called 'Wisdom of Solomon'. Because Solomon was too busy being a ruler and a judge, he didn't have time to listen to the voice of Jesus Christ! He said "... a stern judgment befalleth them that be in high places: for the man of low estate may be pardoned in mercy, but mighty men shall be searched out mightily." If he had just taken time to go back to the Bible to listen to the **VOICE OF JESUS CHRIST**, he would have known better. If he had looked in the place where we'll be looking in a minute, he would have known

that, in God's Great Plan for Alberta, THAT'S NOT SO AT ALL!!



Alto. Gov't Photo

The Hon. Mr. A. J. Hooke, Alberta's Minister of Municipal Affairs. He said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty."

Another kind of problem that misguides a lot of people, is reading the *wrong part* of their Bible, even when that part is **REALLY THE WORD OF GOD**, God's own **INSPIRED WORD** to you and me! Now I hear you asking, "If it's *really* the Word of God, How can it be **WRONG??**" Well, it can't be *wrong*—We **JUST READ IT WRONG!!** (If you're still in the dark about this vital matter, if you don't already **KNOW** how to read your Bible **DISPENSATIONALLY**, write right now, just put down this smutty University publication **RIGHT NOW**, and write for your copy of our Absolutely Free Easy-to-Read 87-page book-

let on "*How God Sometimes Means What He Says and Sometimes He Doesn't!!*")

### Political Corruption?

For example, suppose somebody showed you in his Bible where God inspired Isaiah to say (and he really **DID** say it, so don't get me wrong, he really said it) "The princes are rebellious and companions of thieves: everyone loveth gifts and followeth after rewards", what if you didn't know—and yes, my friends and neighbours — there are many people who **DON'T KNOW**, that that was written in a **DIFFERENT DISPENSATION!!?** You could be tricked and fooled into thinking that there is *political corruption* in *Our dispensation!!* But, if we read it right, we know that the words of Isaiah **DON'T APPLY** to **ALBERTA** at all, this time.

So now you're starting to wonder, you're starting to ask yourself, "Where is God's Word About Alberta? How can I **KNOW** if I'm reading **IN THE RIGHT PLACE??**" And you're right to wonder about that, if you haven't sent for our Absolutely Free Easy-to-Read booklet, because that is one of the most important things we have to worry about in our world today! In fact, if Abraham and Isaac and their forefathers before them had not known **JUST how to read their Bibles**, our province would not be **THE WAY IT IS TODAY!!** And that is a **FACT**, that is the Plain Truth, and we have to **FACE IT whether we like it or not!!**

### Sin and Evil

You probably won't believe this, so **PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK!!**—but there are people in the world today, and not just anywhere, **MANY PEOPLE**, not just in Russia or some place like that, but **RIGHT HERE, RIGHT HERE,**

(Turn over, right now!!)

right now in Edmonton, ALBERTA, Canada, that DON'T BELIEVE IN THE WORD OF GOD, THAT DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ THEIR BIBLES!!! And just recently, just this year, this VERY WINTER we're living in NOW, we have seen, and I'm sorry to say it, but it's a FACT that we have seen in Calgary and Edmonton some very sad examples of just THIS VERY THING, when respectable citizens, PEOPLE WITH PUBLIC RESPONSIBILITY, and UNIVERSITY LECTURERS brazenly attempted to show that this province Is NOT being run the way it should, the way God SAID it should, by people who are RIGHT WITH GOD!!

Now what are Christian young people supposed to think when they run across this sort of thing? What are they supposed to say—and yes my friends and neighbours—I know what they're saying, these young people of today that don't know how to read their Bibles—and yes, believe it or not, it's a FACT, my friends and neighbours, that there are many MANY young people of today that don't know How to read their Bibles, the precious word of God, the Right Way — they're saying "Why should I believe in the precious Word of God? Why should I do what Jesus Christ tells me to do? WHY SHOULDN'T I LIVE A LIFE OF SIN AND EVIL?" They don't CARE about their parents or

Social Credit or Jesus Christ!! All they care about is the FILTHY TRASH they read in EDGE MAGAZINE!!! YES my friends and neighbours, that is the Plain Truth, the Plain DISGUSTING Truth!

### The Almighty's Dollar

So how are these poor, wayfallen youngsters, when they run across those libelous, ROWDY SCANDLEMONGERS, how, I ask you, are they going to know better than to believe them? There's only one way to make these spiritual bankrupts SOLVENT again, only one way to pay off the MORTGAGES on their SOULS, ONLY ONE WAY and that's GOD'S WAY, the way HE outlined step by step in the HOLY SCRIPTURES, that HE inspired Word by Word for us to read in ALBERTA IN TODAY'S WORLD!!

(If you don't already KNOW how God has created infinite amounts of SPIRITUAL MONEY for those in Debt to the Devil, write today for your copy of our Absolutely Free Easy-to-Read booklet on "God's A+B Remedy for Sin"!)

We have to bring these 'POOR in spirit' back to the Bible, GOD'S UNIVERSAL TREASURY BRANCH And it's not enough just to take them to the door, no my friends and neighbours, we have to

make sure that they get to the right floor, the right office, and the right desk!! We have to make sure that they know EXACTLY what passage to read and JUST HOW TO READ IT in order to confound those who would INTERFERE with God's Great Plan for Alberta!!

### Revival, Not Reform!!

When they hear these so-called 'intellectuals' bleating about 'reform', they'll stand up proudly with Aberham and Jesus and say "We don't need reform! — WE DON'T WANT REFORM!!—WHAT WE WANT IS REVIVAL!!!" Yes my friends and neighbours, we need a FULL-SCALE REVIVAL so that every man, woman, and child in this province will be RIGHT WITH GOD, and INSTRUMENTS OF HIS PLAN FOR ALBERTA!!

When they hear talk of the Attorney-General, visions of that Great Attorney-General, in the Land Across the River, will burst on their sight—yes my friends and neighbours, that Great Attorney-General who, if we will only learn to read our Bibles His way, will procure a Holy Writ of NOLI PROSEQUI for you and me and ALL His faithful followers,, no matter WHAT they've done!!—who'll just throw that Great Criminal Code that you find in



Photo courtesy Edmonton Journal

The citizens of Edmonton express their concern about the young people of Today's World who don't know how to read their Bibles! The citizens say:  
**"WE DON'T WANT REFORM; WE WANT REVIVAL!!!"**



your Bible in Leviticus and Deuteronomy, just throw it RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW when His Faithful come into 'Court'!!!

When they hear of 'Orders in Council' and 'repressive legislation', it will just remind them that God is ALL-POWERFUL, that HE CAN DO WHAT HE LIKES, without asking you or me or anybody!! What He does is all part of His Great Plan for Alberta!!!

### Phoney Intellectual Doubletalk

Now, I'm going to tell you all about that Great Plan, but I want you to understand this, I want you to get this straight—I'm not going to tell you what I think, I'm not going to give you my opinion, or a lot of phoney INTELLECTUAL DOUBLE-TALK!! No, my friends and neighbours, I'm just going to give you the FACTS, the PLAIN TRUTH!! In fact, I'll tell you what I'm going to do—I invite you, I urge you to pick up your Bibles and read right along with me, just to make sure I'M GIVING IT TO YOU STRAIGHT! Don't take my word for it—these are plain FACTS you can read for yourself! RIGHT THERE IN YOUR BIBLE, God's Precious Word, God's Plain Truth about Alberta!!

Now, open up your Bible and read along with me, in the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to the Romans, the letter God writes to you and me, where it says, in the thirteenth Chapter, the very first Verse, where it says "THE POWERS THAT BE" (yes, my friends and neighbours, HERE IT IS, God's Great Truth about Alberta!) "ARE ORDAINED OF GOD"!!! Can we see that, the constant, UNCHANGING, IMMUTABLE TRUTH of that right now, right here in Alberta?!

YES WE CAN!! Why my friends and neighbours, did you know that the Social Credit Party holds 95% of the seats in the Legislature of this province, YES 95%, practically ALL the seats in the Legislature, in SPITE of the FACT that they received A MERE 54% of the VOTES cast in the last election!!? A MERE 54%!! So you see, my friends and neighbours, these FACTS, these INDISPUTABLE, HISTORICAL FACTS PROVE that the Power in Alberta rules, not by the will of man, but by the WILL of the ALMIGHTY!!! Even if you choose to doubt His Word, written right there in black and white in your

Bible, these cold, historical truths, VERITIES, AND FACTS PROVE that what He says is so!!

### Cities Laid Waste

And don't just take MY word for it!! Let's go back to the Bible and turn again in your Bible to where God inspired the writer of Leviticus to say "and your cities shall be LAID WASTE"!! (no, my friends and neighbours, we don't know who it was that wrote that great passage, but we do KNOW that he just wrote down what GOD TOLD HIM TO—we can just TELL!) ". . . And what are the FACTS to back this up, to PROVE it for those who doubt their Bible, for those who don't believe that the Word of God is anything to go by?



Alta. Gov't Photo

The Hon. Mrs. Ethel Wilson, Minister without Portfolio, Edmonton city alderman, and sometime literary critic. She said, "The university produces filth worse than anything on the news-stands."

There are two big cities in this province, my friends and neighbours, bigger than Sodom and Gomorrah, or Nineveh and Tyre, big enough to hold ONE HALF of the population of this province, MORE than HALF A MILLION

PEOPLE! And how much Power (Ordained of God, you remember!) how much Power do those cities have in the Legislature, that unceasing source of miracles, the MIGHTY INSTRUMENT of God's Great Plan for Alberta, how much Power do they have!? A meagre 22%, LESS than one fourth, LESS THAN A QUARTER, of the seats!! These cities are indeed LAID WASTE, as Monumental Testimonies to God's Great Plan for Alberta!!!

"Behold, the former things are come to pass and new things do I declare!" Now you understand, my friends and neighbours, now you have beheld, WITNESSED, AND SEEN with YOUR OWN EYES how the Almighty works His Will in Alberta, how every citizen of Alberta is SUBJECT to His Divine 'Statutes' and 'Orders in Council'!

### "Ruler Over All"

But there is one man in Alberta, one man right here among us right now somewhere in Edmonton, that is more greatly a part of God's Great Plan for Alberta than any of us could ever HOPE to be! The Apostle Paul tells us about him in the Acts of the Apostles when he says "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you; HIM shall ye hear" and Matthew, too, if you can just turn to his Gospel right there right at the very beginning of the New Testament in YOUR BIBLE, where GOD INSPIRED HIM to say of this one man "Verily I say unto you, he shall make him RULER OVER ALL"!! Yes my friends and neighbours, WE KNOW WHO that one man is, that one man who is RIGHT with God!!!

(If you haven't already SEEN how one man by himself, if he is RIGHT with God, can rule and judge over a MILLION without opposition, if you don't already KNOW about the Immense Power that we have among us RIGHT NOW, write right now, don't put it off another minute., but WRITE IMMEDIATELY for your copy of our Absolutely Free Easy-to-Read 2-page booklet on "How Alberta Can Have God's Social Credit Autocracy Forever as Long as Nobody Pays Any Attention to it" and its 1½ page supplement, STILL AT NO COST To You, on "How it's Easy to Run a Dictatorship Over People Who Think that Irresponsible Undemocratic Government is Either Indestructible or Funny"!!!

We urge you to pass this article on to your friends and neighbours. Additional reprints are not available upon request, we are sorry to say, but we're sure your friends and neighbours will be happy to read this informing article.

# INSIDE OUT

Little Orphan Ayn Rand is, perhaps, not so much among us now as she was before the U.S. Elections. And I haven't heard anyone seriously espousing her philosophy for almost a year.

Or, it may be that she is more particularly entrancing to undergrads and, as I don't see as much of them as I used to, she could be as common as she ever was.

I refer to her as Little Orphan Ayn Rand for simple reasons. Her philosophy of 'Positivism' is nothing more than a polysyllabic iteration of Harold Gray's two dimensional (in more ways than one) world.

Throwing Herrimanian brickbats at Little Orphan Annie has been a favorite activity of the mass mediologists for almost two decades, yet Gray's creation has stalwartly pressed on, fighting for justice and big business, against communism and international conspiracies, for the simple man, against the laborer, in spite of all blows.

And none of us has been too perturbed by this modern pilgrim's rather grim progress through her bug-eyed world. Annie seems in no danger of being laughed off the comic pages; nor is she in much danger of being accepted by the manipulators. The crude graphic art and stagnant symbolism of the strip, the paucity of ideas and plenitude of caricatures all seem to let it endure unchanging. Those of us who want serious fantasy on the comic pages will try to continue to read Pogo.

However, you can imagine my surprise when I discovered that while Little Orphan Annie and faithful Sandy had been doggedly static in that strange atemporal environment the comics provide, another Little Annie had been growing up, and had even taken to writing books that were taken seriously in some quarters. Ayn Rand, again.

Miss Rand,, whose name is not to be confused with RAND, the Corporation, no matter what your opinions are, has written four books which she feels deserve the classification of novel: **We the Living, Anthem, The Fountainhead, and Atlas Shrugged.**

More recently she has written an essay entitled **For the New Intellectual** which prefaces selections taken from her

novels. (If you are an "old intellectual" our advice to you is to steer clear, but never mind.) And we are told she is presently engaged in writing a full scale philosophical treatise which will give us, we hope, the last word on her philosophy of Objectivism.

Each of Ayn Rand's "novels" has sold in the millions in cheap reprints. If the buyers were from the Erle Stanley Gardner-Frank Yerby set, I would not be dismayed, but I know of college students and graduates who consume and endorse her philosophy dogmatically. Those people who would be ashamed to be seen reading Little Orphan Annie except for "insight into the ways of the masses" carry their dog-eared copies of **Atlas Shrugged** with them proudly.

There is only one prophet so far as they are concerned, and her laws are as immutable as Annie's expression. Chugging out this "power of positive thinking for the godless," they find themselves quoting Miss Rand on such things as "The Meaning of Sex" and "The Meaning of Money," three pages and six pages respectively in **For the New Intellectual.**

The most apparent thing about Miss Rand's outpourings is that, while they are profuse, they are gross simplifications. For example: "If there is more tragic a fool than the businessman who doesn't know that he's an exponent of man's highest creative spirit—it's the artist who thinks the businessman is his enemy." (from **Atlas Shrugged.**)

None of her characters is ever able to become more than a caricature; they are either bold, brave and "brainy" or stupid, dull, incompetent and entirely malevolent.

And we know where they belong. Right back where they came from—the comic pages, where we don't mind seeing two dimensional figures with flat expressions.

She has never learned, in spite of all her wide reading, that novels and other works of art are not good because of the ideas they contain, but good in spite of the philosophy inherent in them. She has placed the "intellectual" above the artistic, and her novels fail for that reason; or, rather, for that reason they are not novels, if that term is to have any meaning.

—The Editor.